SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post

I Love the Sea.

A RHAPSODY. BY JOHN THE LAND.

I love the sea,
I love to stand
In calm or storm on board to be
Where'er it may command.
The sea hath rest.

As a relation as each roaring creed
Or when the waves
In wildness rave,
And angry billows madly leave,
Upon the lofty,
Till rocks to rise.
As I say, I love the sea,
Or when it's quiet
Or when it's frantic,
Its radiant ships my smile bestow.
When in its calm sleep
On the bosom of the deep,
And I look on each ship's bright keep
As it goes by,
At distant sight,
Or when it's in a storm's fierce fight
Then to the wind,
Never to bind.
And I hands it where it lists and sails
We know no rules,
But where it wills
Let us steer.
And as we are lords—me as the lord
Of these fresh fields,
Of Ocean, Caledon,
That to the sea belong,

legal knowledge in any material degree, Mr. Rose humbly suggested that it must have been forgotten over night, and was doubtless at that moment in its native key-hole. Notwithstanding that Mr. Quilp had a strong conviction to the contrary, founded on his recollection of having carefully taken it out, he was fain to admit that this was possible, and therefore went groaning to the door, where, sure enough, he found it.

Now, just as Mr. Quilp had his hand upon the lock and was with great astonishment that the fastenings were undone, the knocking came again with most irritating violence, and the day-light which had been shining through the key-hole was intercepted on the outside by a human eye. The dwarf was very much exasperated, and wanting somebody to wreak his ill-humor upon, determined to dart out suddenly and favor Mrs. Quilp with a gentle acknowledgment of her attention in making that hideous uproar.

With this view he drew back the lock very silently and softly, and opening the door all at once, pounced not upon the person on the other side, who had at that moment raised the knocker for another application, and at whom the dwarf ran head first, throwing out his hands and feet together, and biting the air in the fulness of his malice.

So far, however, from rushing upon somebody who offered no resistance and implored his mercy, Mr. Quilp was no sooner in the arms of the individual whom he had taken for his wife than he found himself complimented with two staggering blows on the head, and two more, of the same quality in the chest, and closing with his assailant, such a shower of buffets rained down upon his person as sufficed to convince him that he was in skilful and experienced hands. Nothing daunted by this reception, he clung tight to his opponent, and had not the unnatural army with such good-will and heartiness, that it was at least a couple of minutes before he was dislodged. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp found himself the still flushed and disheveled, in the middle of the street, with Mr. Richard Swiveller performing a kind of dance round him, and repairing to know "whether he wanted any more."

"There's plenty more of it at the same shop," said Mr. Swiveller, by turns advancing and retreating on a threatening attitude. "I charge about extensive assortment always on hand—country orders executed with promptitude and despatch—if you don't like a little more, sir—don't say no, if you'd rather not."

"I thought it was somebody else," said Quilp rubbing his shoulders, "why didn't you say who you were?"

"Why didn't you say who you were" returned Dick, "instead of flying out of the house like a Bedlamite?"

"It was you that—that knocked," said the dwarf, getting up with a short groan, "was it?"

"Yes, I'm the man," said Richard Dick. "That lady had begun when I came, but she knocked too soft, so I relieved her." As he said this, he pounded toward Mrs. Quilp, who stood trembling at a little distance.

"Humph!" muttered the dwarf, darting an angry look at his wife. "I thought it was your faith. And you, sir—don't you know there has been somebody ill here, that you knock as if you'd beat the door down?"

"Dismay!" answered Dick, "that's why I did it. I thought there was somebody dead here."

"You came for some purpose, I suppose," said Quilp. "What is it you want?"

"I want to know how the old gentleman is," enjoined Mr. Swiveller, "and to hear from Nell herself, with whom I should like to have a little talk. I'm a friend of the family, sir,—at least I'm the friend of one of the family, and that's the same thing."

"You'd better walk in then," said the dwarf "Go on, sir, go on. Now, Mrs. Quilp—after you, ma'am."

Mrs. Quilp hesitated, but Mr. Quilp insisted. And it was not a contest of politeness, or by any means a matter of form, for she knew very well that her husband wished to exert the labour in the order that he might have a favorable opportunity of inflicting a few pinches on her arms, which were seldom free from impressions of his fingers in black and blue colors. Mr. Swiveller, who was not in the secret was a little surprised to hear a suppressed scream, and, looking round to see Mrs. Quilp following him with a sudden jerk; but he did not remark on these appearances, and soon forgot them.

"Now Mrs Quilp," said the dwarf when they had entered the shop, "go you up stairs if you please to Kelly's room, and tell her that she's wanted."

"You seem to make yourself at home here," said Dick, who was unenjoyained with Mr. Quilp's authority.

"I am at home, young gentleman," returned the dwarf.

Dick was pondering what these words might mean, and still more what the presence of Mr. Brass might mean, when Mrs. Quilp came hurrying down stairs, declaring that the rooms above were empty.

"Empty, you fool!" said the dwarf.

"I give you my word, Quilp," answered his trembling wife, "that I have been into every room and there's not a soul in any of them."

"And that," said Mr. Brass, clapping his handsome with an explosion, "explains the mystery of the key."

Quilp looked frowningly at him, and frowningly at his wife, and frowningly at Richard Swiveller; but receiving no enlightenment from any of them hurried up stairs, whither he soon hastened down again, confirming the report which had been already made.

"It's a strange way of going," he said, glancing at Swiveller, "very strange not to communicate with me when she was in close and constant friend of his. Ah! he'll write to me no doubt, to tell his daily write—yes, yes, that's what he'll do. Nelly's very fond of me. Pretty Nell!"

Mr. Swiveller looked, as he was, all open-mouthed astonishment. Still glancing furtively at him, Quilp turned to Mr. Brass and observed with assumed carelessness that this need not interfere with the removal of the goods.

"For indeed," he added, "it is better that they'd go away to-day, but not that they'd go so early as to-night. But they have their reasons, they have their reasons!"

"Where in the devil's name are they gone?" said the wondering Dick.

Quilp shook his head and pursed up his lips in a manner which implied that he knew very well, but was not at liberty to say.

"And what," said Dick, looking at the confounded visage, "what do you mean by moving the goods?"

"That I have bought 'em, sir," repeated Quilp. "Eh? What then?"

"Has the sly old fox made his fortune then, and gone to live in a tranquil cot in a pleasant spot with a distant view of the shipping?" said Dick, in great bewilderment.

"Keeping his place of retirement very close, that he may not be tracked by any officious cousin grandsons and their devoted friends, eh?" added the dwarf, raising his hands inward. "Ay! nothing, but to that your meaning, sir."

Richard Swiveller was utterly aghast at this unexpected alteration of circumstances, which threatened the complete overthrow of the project to which he bore so conspicuous a part, and seemed to nip his prospects in the bud. Having only received from Frederick Trent, late on the previous night, information of the old man's illness, he had come upon a tend of confidence and inquiry to Nell, prepared with the first assistance of that long train of fascinations which was to fire her heart at last. And here, when he had been thinking of all kinds of graceful and interesting approaches, and meditating on the fortunate retribution which was shortly working against Sophy Wackles—here was Nell, the old man, and all the money gone, nobody knew, discharged for hours not whither, or if with a fortune-teller of the scheme and a resolution to defeat it at the very outset. Before a step was taken.

Concluded in our next.

Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED AND PRINTED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1836.

Cotton—the English.

The late movements of Great Britain respecting the growth of cotton in their East Indian colonies deserve the attention of all interested in this country's continued prosperity, as the destruction of our cotton trade would remove almost the only staple which we have to give in exchange for European commodities.

For somewhat the attention of the English manufacturers has been called to the practicability of making the East Indies supply them with cotton in case of any difficulty arising between this country and their own. The subject has derived additional importance to them from the former high price of this staple, late fluctuations in its value, and the threatening aspect of the relations between the two countries, at various periods, since the Canadian insurrection broke out. Of late, however, the subject has become one of importance. It was patronised by government. Active measures were in consequence taken to test the practicability of the scheme, and agents were sent this country and India for that purpose.

We have perused the report of the gentlemen coming this country, but have not leisure to discuss its contents at present. They are various, comprehensive and instructive. They conclude by asserting the entire practicability of raising the article to any extent, at a price, too, to compete with ours in the English market.

Should the English capitulate be convinced by this statement, that the encouragement given to the cultivation of cotton be entered on in the East Indies by a few enterprising individuals, and large capitalists, and that competition in the production of Hindostan equal our own in quality, and compare with it in price, a dangerous blow will be struck at our exports. If we may judge from reports the more necessary to us, to maintain the balance of trade, in consequence of the small quantity of specie comparatively in our country. Even if the planters in India should not be able to undersell us in the cotton market with, and undersell our own, and the English government should yield their full protection they have always accorded to the products of their own colonies, the same result might ensue.

The possibility, however, of such a rivalry is somewhat distant for many years to come. Even if this scheme is carried out at once, by either private or public aid in England, the difficulties always incident to the introduction of a new staple in any country, will long prevent us from feeling inconvenience, on that score. It is one thing to show the practicability of a scheme on paper, and quite another thing to carry it out, in all its details, and amid a thousand unexpected difficulties. But even if ultimately successful, the growth of cotton in the East will be slow and unproductive at first. Years, a generation even, might elapse before it could be prepared to cope at all—with the planters of our own country.

This subject is one of much importance, though, as we have said, its ultimate results are more to be regarded than its present effects. If the cultivation of cotton in the East of course affect our export in that article, we should begin to counteract this influence in time, and before it has grown into strength. We should crush the Hercules in the cradle.

We shall at some future occasion discuss this subject at length. At present, we only suggest it to our readers.

New Publications.

History of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company.—This is a neat pamphlet, illustrated with maps, and published by order of the Board of Managers. It gives a clear and full history of this company, up to the present time. To all interested in the coal trade it is an invaluable document.

Fanshawe Letters to Henry Clay of Kentucky, describing a visit to New York and Boston by Joseph John Gurney, 1 vol.—*Kimber & Sharpless, No. 50 N. Fourth street.*—The author of this work is the celebrated Quaker preacher and philanthropist, the brother of the equally celebrated Mrs. Caroline Fry. He has just sailed from this country, after spending nearly two years in observing its manners, politics, and other subjects of note. Part of this time he spent in the West Indies, and the result of his observations are before us. The style is excellent, and the work contains many fine descriptions of the scenery of the Island, which cannot help powers in the author. The talents, however, of Mr. Gurney are well known, and he has left this country with the highest reputation.

The Coliseum.

Our city is being furnished with numerous elegant structures, now in the progress of erection Among them we notice particularly a large circular building, intended for a circus, now in the course of erection. It is situated at the south eastern corner of George and Ninth sts. and facing the Philadelphia Museum directly opposite, and the Masonic Hall

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Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Obituaries exceeding ten lines are charged at the rate of ten cents per line.

Marriages and deaths are inserted gratis.

Political Intelligence.

From the Baltimore American.

Votes for President and Vice-President.

1.	Pa.	Jas. Buchanan,	30
2.	N. Jersey	Jas. Buchanan,	7
3.	Georgia	Jas. Buchanan,	10
4.	Connecticut	Jas. Buchanan,	6
5.	Alabama	Wm. R. King,	9
6.	Mississippi	Jas. Buchanan,	6
7.	Illinois	Jas. Buchanan,	5
8.	Louisiana	Jas. Buchanan,	6
9.	Arkansas	Jas. Buchanan,	3
10.	Missouri	Jas. Buchanan,	7
11.	Michigan	Jas. Buchanan,	5
12.	New Hampshire	Jas. Buchanan,	5
13.	Vermont	Jas. Buchanan,	5
14.	Maine	Jas. Buchanan,	8
15.	Ohio	Jas. Buchanan,	23
16.	Indiana	Jas. Buchanan,	13
17.	Kentucky	Jas. Buchanan,	12
18.	Tennessee	Jas. Buchanan,	13
19.	North Carolina	Jas. Buchanan,	10
20.	South Carolina	Jas. Buchanan,	8
21.	Virginia	Jas. Buchanan,	15
22.	New York	Jas. Buchanan,	35
23.	Rhode Island	Jas. Buchanan,	4
24.	Massachusetts	Jas. Buchanan,	12
25.	Delaware	Jas. Buchanan,	3
26.	Maryland	Jas. Buchanan,	8
27.	Wisconsin	Jas. Buchanan,	5
28.	Iowa	Jas. Buchanan,	4
29.	California	Jas. Buchanan,	4
30.	Texas	Jas. Buchanan,	4
		Total,	296

Alabama.—From the Mobile Advertiser and Register of Monday we learn that the Democratic State Convention have declared their full confidence in the Legislature and their friendship for Gov. Winston.

The Legislature will be composed of 100 members, and a majority of 15 on joint ballot.

Arkansas.—Fourteen counties, for House of Representatives, give Democratic majorities of 1,000. Fifteen counties, Whig majorities of 1,000. Fifteen counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000.

Connecticut.—The Democratic State Convention met at Hartford on Wednesday last, and nominated Gen. Thomas H. Seymour for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Delaware.—The Democratic State Convention met at Dover on Wednesday last, and nominated Peter F. Causey for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Georgia.—The Democratic State Convention met at Milledgeville on Wednesday last, and nominated Howell Cobb for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Illinois.—The Democratic State Convention met at Springfield on Wednesday last, and nominated Joel A. Matteson for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Indiana.—The Democratic State Convention met at Indianapolis on Wednesday last, and nominated Joseph A. Wright for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Iowa.—The Democratic State Convention met at Iowa City on Wednesday last, and nominated James Thorington for Governor, by acclamation. Resolutions were passed endorsing the Baltimore platform, and approving the course of Gen. Pierce's administration.

Kentucky.—The returns from the State are very incomplete up to the present date. Those which are received up to date are as follows:

The candidate supporting the vote of Louisville for Lecompte, Whig, 1,151. The returns from 30 counties give Lecompte (Dem.) 1,000 majority. The returns from 30 counties, 1,000. Part of these are the estimated returns from the counties not yet heard from. The majorities, so far heard from, are as follows:

Louisville, Fourteen counties, for House of Representatives, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Fifteen counties, Whig majorities of 1,000. Fifteen counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000. Twenty-seven counties, Democratic majorities of 1,000.

Louisiana.—The vote in the city of New Orleans for Governor was 13,000 for Wickliffe, Whig, and 9,000 for Marshall, Democrat. The vote in the city of New Orleans for Governor was 13,000 for Wickliffe, Whig, and 9,000 for Marshall, Democrat. The vote in the city of New Orleans for Governor was 13,000 for Wickliffe, Whig, and 9,000 for Marshall, Democrat.

Maine.—The first day the votes polled on 36 towns were 17,154 for Whig and 620 for Republican.

Tennessee.—The election in Tennessee took place on Thursday. There has not yet been time for returns to reach us.

Nominations for President.—Philip Schuyler of New York to be Consul of the United States for the port of Liverpool, in the place of Francis B. Cutting resigned. Our commission to take effect from the 15th of last year.

General News.

Great Storm and Loss of Life.—On the 30th ult. a fierce storm raged in the vicinity of Chesterfield, Cumberland county, in this state, which raged for some time with great violence, prostrating trees, fences, &c. but did no serious damage to buildings. Eight miles east of that place, near the turnpike, the house of Mr. Daniel Dunbar was torn from its foundation, and himself and three of his children crushed beneath the ruins. A neighbor who witnessed the destruction of the building, obtained assistance immediately. The three children were found lifeless under the ruins, and their mother mortally wounded, it is hoped that he only survived them a few hours. His wife, who was in the house when it fell, escaped without much injury.

What does it Mean?—The Boston Times published the following communication, and adds that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make head or tail of it:

Lynn, Mass., 31st Inst. Hon. Isaac Hill, Dear Sir:—Can you not obtain Miss Fanny Fullbrook, if name I allow me to suggest that it

THE OLIO.

> Variety's the spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavour.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
To R. M. of Philadelphia.
BY ALFRED HARVEY.

Musician! scribe the lazy pause,
Sing of those I love to hear,
Of thy voice sweet and soft and pure,—
Of its tones heart and soul move!

A youth broke a gurgling stream,
Thither ne'er'd there to dream.—
The sun was far in his decline
Shedding beauty o'er thee and thine.
And birds flying here and there,
Spotted lightly in mid-air,
And with their cheerful joyous note,
Chirping, to each gentle gale,
May virtue ever abate its zest with thee,—
And the life a scene of pleasure be.—
For thou art all unlike the crowd
Of unsanctified,—of vain—the proud,
Who fill the circles of the gay
And chase each rising thought away.
Because the coach I have gained on thee.
When death was given on thy cheek—
I exchanged in mind to second to be—
The same, indeed,—lovely and meek!
Beside her lovely grassy sole,
I've watch'd thy form, fair beauty's bride;
I've gazed on thee with open brow,—
Rose—ooh! where art thou now?
No heavenly notes again resound—
To visit, and whose sweet strains,
The love calls notes equal sure—
Oh where, oh, where art thou?
And high above, or thy bright star—
How dost to me appear?
To thee, a tinge or fiery cheeks,
To me of sacred hopes it speaks.
My feelings, then, like concord flowers,
Springing to life in April showers,
Do love and hope and beauty speak,—
But now, alas! those hopes are fled!
Pottsville, July, 1840.

QUEER OPTICS.—Jonathan, where was you going yesterday, when I saw you going to mill?—Why, I was going to mill, to be sure. Well, I, wish I had seen you.—I'd got you to carry a grist for me. Why, you did see me, did'nt you? Yes, but not till you had got clean *out of sight.*

COURAGE.—A nation of cowards is more rare than a brave man; what people has not shown courage at some time? Nay, the deeper blood sank in slavery, the more she rose in war, and Cæsar and Augustus ruled over armies of conquering slaves. Despotism decrees passion by disarming the slaves, show how much the courage of this class was feared, and that during may exist with servility. The disciplined armies of despotism are no better than the trained falcon, which is hooded and carried on the wrist till a quarry is seen, and then strikes it, and returns to its master and its cage.

ETNA.—I stood in the deep gorge of the cloud capped mountain, and the profound stillness of undisturbed and original chaos blended over the surrounding scene. There was not a breath to stir the ambient air, not the tinkling of a rill, the twitter of a bird, or the humming pipe of a single individual of the insect tribe—at that moment, sweet girl, I thought of thee, and under the sweet influence I called out aloud—"Oh, my own adored one, that thou were here!" and echo answered, "Ed, ear ge ere!"

PATIENCE AND READY.—Feelings are light troops that go and come following up an advantage when it offers, and retreating when resisted: while thoughts are like troops of the line, that stand fast against all who attack them.

Pro tem Retort.

Loud treated a not—cried Kate to just
Her spouse with unusual temper—
One of your relations I hate.
—Ex-hate,' said he: 'to mother.

PURSUIT OF HEALTH.—For a woman to look on knowledge, grace and accomplishments only as baits to the hook with which she fishes for a husband, and not as precious in themselves, is like shooting game with diamonds, or forging sceptres at fruits.

A KNOWING BIT.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore post office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the answer, he said—"Guess I've done the thing slick; I seen a good many folks puttin' letters into the post office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

CARE OF DAUGHTERS.—According to the old German custom, the sons were to walk to church after their father, but the daughters before their mother, to show that their eye should never be off them.

Irish Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Jane Morris
Lord of her, and never found

CURE FOR VANITY.—Give the vain person nothing to do, and he (or she) will have no time to spend in looking at their own perfections. Nelson was not vain at sea, nor Alcibiades in battle, nor was Count Kaunitz a dandy at the council-board.

SPEAKING IT FAST.—A regular expansie, dressed "to kill," called upon the captain of one of our steamboats yesterday, when the following dialogue ensued,

"Ar, captain, good morning" When do you take your departure?"

"Tomorrow afternoon, sir, at four o'clock," said the captain.

"Pneumonly, capting?"

"Exactly at the hour," continued the captain.

"Put honor, capting, that's a unreasonable hour. Supposing I should be dining out at the time?"

"Why, you'd be left, that's all."

"Ar, that would make it disagreeable, very. You know a gentleman can't well leave a dining table before sot o'clock, capting; but I suppose I must try. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir"—*Picayune.*

BACHELORS.—A married lady has favored us with the following report —Bachelors bespreached by their housekeepers, three thousand one hundred and eighty-two, pended by paper-eating bachelors, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two, discarded by cross and selfish eaters, two thousand not insulted and four; insulted by nephews and nieces, one thousand eight hundred and eighty three; crabbed, cross-grained, desolate in life's decline, five thousand three hundred and eighty-four; happy, none.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, the, he's dead, sir" "But how did he die?" "Why, sir, you see, he fell off a scaffold, one day, when the people were taking us to war"

CELEBRATION OF THE MIND.—How silly to suppose that information consists either the beauty or sensibility of the character! Remember the aerated but thousand cars in the rooms of his acquaintance—and this tried to make his own ear for sooner dollar! or did Michael Angelo's knowledge of the muscles of the eye make his own less true and accurate!

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company, that she thought there should be a taxation on the single state—"Yes, madam," replied Colonel ——, who was present, and was the most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, "as on all other luxuries."

DURABILITY.—Some years since as we were unreasoning with a country physician by his own fire-side a noble ox-chain came bolting in walls, "O doctor doctor!—come quick; darnation's to pay over to our home!" Buddy's got the thermometer—mom's got the toothache—bobby's got the measles—Sal's got married! O dear, how heals o'

A FAIR HOUSEKEEPER.—A country adulterain speaking of a steamboat, says, "She had *tender beefs in her larder!* called.

"Life of me!" exclaimed an old lady, on reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Cushat Dove.

We dislike all favoritism, and a foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast; but dear, old, sacred associations will tell upon all our thinks or feels toward any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should reinforce the Cushat. If ever we mention his name in Blackwood's Magazine, we shall, as usual, avoid all personalities, and speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. You hear it, that often and often, when school-boys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in cases of high and low-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be executed for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours of eight and nine ante-meridian. Happily, however, for our future peace of mind, and that solidity for the whole conformation of our character, our guardian genius—(every boy has a guardian genius constantly at his side)—has during school and play hours, though, it must be confessed, sometimes a little remiss in his duty, for the nature even of angelic beings is imperfect)—always so controlled it, that, with all our cunning, we never could kill a Cushat. Many a long hour—indeed whole Saturdays—have we laid prone among broom and whin, the beautiful green and yellow shirting of sweet Scotia's woods watching his egress or ingress, our gun ready cocked, and finger on trigger, at the first sign of his wings, but not a moment might be lost in bringing him to the ground. But coush where we might, to Cushat ever came sure and unshaken lair. And then a Maggie,—birds who, by the by, when they suspect you of any intention of shooting them, are as distant in their manners as Cockneys would count hopping in continual tail yerks, with his really beautiful plumage, if one could bring one's self to think it so, and then spot the pewsive within twenty yards of the muzzle of Brown Bess impatient to let fly. But our soul turned, our heart panted for Cushat; and so the first strong fever-fit of passion, could we seek to slake our thirst for that wild blood with the murder of a thirsth eave-dropper of a Pyt? The Blackbird, too, often crept out of the thicket, into an open glade into the bushe shawe; and the discurteous of his yellow bill showed him to be a rather shabby-genteel fellow, but let us overlook impolite, we never, in all our born days, dreamt of shooting a Blackbird.—him that seems away almost from the whistle of the ploughman in the morn or eve; whose anthem, even in those dim days when Nature herself it might be well thought were antediluvic, fell on the forest-glade as in with joy. Once "the snow-white coney nought its evening meal," unconscious of our dangerous vicinity, issuing with elected ears from the bush's edge. That last was, we confess, such a temptation to touch the trigger, that had we resisted it we must have been either more or less than man. We fired, and kicking up his heels, double less in fear and fright, but as it then seemed to us, during our disappointment, much rather in fun and frolic—nay blandishly showed—as we bounded Master Rabbit to his burrow, without one particle of soft silvery wool on sward or bush, to bear witness to our compassion. As for the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cushat through the interlacing canopy.—The first flapper of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her distant nest—a faroff murmur, solitary and profound,—to reach nests which, through the tangled mazes of the forest, were each distinct against a separate sun, instinct, or faculty, which we did not possess. So slushing out of our hiding-place, we made no excuse on the return to a household of plodding honest, who had heard the report, and now smell the powder. "Cushats are gay fat wild birds to kill," but fraternal with our shooting leg as empty as our stomach, to the Manse.

But often—often did we visit, without thought of Cushat, Blackbirds, or Goldfinch, the fragrant midside of those hazel dingles. There stood, embowered in birch trees, a thick glade and garden cleared into a beautiful circle from the wood-edge, a cottage, that many came to visit, less for the own exceeding loveliness, than for the sake of the inmates who sat beside its hearth. Dear to the schoolboy is the object of unexpected holiday, when away he goes with a beating heart to the angling in the burn flowing among its leafy trees with many a bicker and a dash, or to the moorland fash with its one isle of pines and old castle ruin. Such—sometimes in passion, sometimes in prominence—was the sole pastime of our youth. But often even in holiday—and we ought to steal away from our gleesome comrades, and sit till evening in that sylvan shieling. How tender and humble in their simplicity are all the outgoings of that lonesome household! The husband at work in the wood, changing the tall moss violence hath respite, sobriety and with their rooms, into pretty patches of pasturage, sheltered places for the new-dropped lambs—or letting, or the way had smoothed into the braeface, the fragrant forest tree. The sound of the creatures can was heard within—and her wife's face smiled as the clock gave warning of the lapse of one or six—for in few minutes he was sure to enter his door. He was a laborer—not a slave. Ten hours was his spring and summer day's drag, in order right—but for the rest of his late leisure, he might well have held up his head with her by his side at church or market. But he felt his hopes were his own—he was in full enjoyment of industry, his acres, and her faith—that through the week out his house clean, calm, cheerful, quietly,—and on Sabbath become with a light heart.

But how—of how small I speak of her—the lonely May—that all day long was wandering about her nest on little nets and streams of love, and that with little nets and streams of love, she would have caught the heart, to her lonely eyes were her blue eyes to fill either with smiles or with tears! Singing on her forehead, one would have thought many hairs thought of the glistening of the threads of fine-beaten gold—or of the gossamer floating in the dew-drop in the morning sun—of floss of silk—of the down of the light to make den breezes amid the woodlands dim—of none one star looking out in its brightness when all others were in mist. Yet when that last child was alive—and a daily sight of her beauty given to my fraternal eyes—never once did such emotions—and those too the best of our heart, as to give gutter round her head. But in all the beauty of the one ringlet—the loveliness of those lips—the innocence of those eyes! When the spake, it was her own voice alone that I heard—not only the same, but all other sound in the earth. Often as on her leaning her exceeding beauty had been praised—not would delighted admirable, even by the best judges, but I was pleased—she knew not that she was beautiful, —she felt that she was happy, not forgot that she was good. Yet what to us the light—or the sunset, or the moon, and of him who died that they might be saved, twice were the tears she shed, even as if her own cause had been disturbed, and trembled before her Maker. Early and deep in her soul were sown the seeds of Faith—that unearthly flower which should be gathered in Heaven. Fast blossoms and precious fruits it bore in heretofore sanctitude—but not less often, by solitary tents—for But these were her Sabbath hours, or her hours of work day prayers. Her life was cheerful—joyful on its incendence—and all the grief, all the sorrow, all the shame, all the contrivances ever suffered—what were they all to the agony that, had she lived, might have been extended in by the raving darkness of one single day?

We have all read of children—hoarded by a light from heaven—meditating with a power seemingly far beyond their infant years, upon a world to come. Thoughts and feelings—of which we can know not the full holy virtue—change them into saints and make them sigh for Heaven. How sweetly have their little tones been heard in hymns, when they knew that they were lying on their death beds! They have told their parents not to weep for them—and having kissed their brothers and sisters with curls smiles as pure between those who love one another, when one of them is about to go away on a visit from which in a few weeks he is to return—they have laid down their heads, never to be lifted again till the judgment-day. Oh! scoff not at the wonderful piety you may not understand! Look into the eyes of your own daughter of seven years as she is saying her prayers—and dissolve not the truth told of creatures young and innocent as she—from God has been descended—and ere he stretched out his hand to wall them from earth, showed them a glimpse of heaven?

The skies of ten summers only were ever seen by her, whom in those days I used to call my sister; but whose image, even as the image of a daughter whom I have not, and will not have, sometimes witnessed kneeling along with our children at their prayers. Such is the more than memory —the clear-returning presence of her beloved face. It never could be said that she sickened before she died. Dying she was—that was visible to all—ear did her parents seek to conceal it either from her or themselves. Yet how fair—never after one certain day to see or hear her more—that was a sentence that, had it been pronounced of an infant in our own bed, would have killed them both. But what do the souls of us mortal beings know of what is in them, till He who made them, reveals it all by a dreadful, but, in holy light, held close to them in the hand of sorrow! Week followed week—Sabbath followed Sabbath—and all the while she was dying before their eyes. Those eyes could not cease to weep—her nature issued, in their affliction, to such decree. But there was at least little or no bitterness in their tears—there was no sense of unkindness in the mother, when, left alone in the house of death, they closed their Lucy's eyes, and took off her hair—there was no grudge but then if the Lord suddenly—a lifeless tinglet from her temples, to put within the leaves of the Bible at the very place she had read her last—that every morning, every noon-day, every evening, and many, many a night too—they ought not it, and knew it, and weep over it—so, on, on, for ever—till they both were dead.

When their friends were asked to the funeral, I was not forgotten. Neither of them had any blood relations, and loved at our home as much as I knew for poor men to come: so I was one of the chief mourners, and stood close to her father, when we left the house that he never in the midst of my sore weeping, his pale face seemed to hid me restrain my tears; but when all was over, and we had to bid the church-yard gate, as it was not right to be the mourners. Methinks I hear that groan at this very silent moment; but deep as it was, as deep a groan as ever rended a human breast, what matters it now, more than a sigh of the wind through a crevice,—for surely long years have had their flight, since the heart that then uttered it ceased to quake with any mortal passion.

By what unexplicable cause are we led to fat back, to hear sometimes of some one who died a hundred year after year in utter obscurity! Why thus will some one single solitary idea, some momentary event of our past life, all of a sudden start up, and haply occur to thought and memory the most some one heard,—a fare that past by,—tune—a row-free that bore a thousand blossoms, —a ship in full sail,—a wreck,—a light house,—an eagle,—an embary,—the light of an ensured star,—the shadow of an ensured sail? Of the little half-forgotten things that are left behind who has so long been dead—and other, for years in a tome, be me intently forgotten—Then and the circumstances of the death—Looking over an old letter, and Heaven's, when first I beheld that in its cottage door!

Song from the Heart.

And from the trees the night wind's sigh
Was like the voice of song that is nigh—
There is speaking of song that is nigh—
Is the heart of the poet is speaking and sighs
Rising like grass in the kitchen and light.
Wild things—the wild things for the mates—there.
The poet studied fashion displaying in pride.
But the heart of the dew drop the sun and the heart.
The heart of the dew drop the sun and the heart.
Will grow on the waters of tone on the hills
Will bend on the mountain, beneath the dark pine
Will bend on the mountain, beneath the dark pine
Turn on the forest to it back from the sun—
As the sun of the sun on the sunset of the sun
Is the sun of the sun in the sun of the sun
The breath of the cooper chase rides over the lake
There is peace in all around—but not in the heart—
And wind can be heard—but silence that heart!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Beauty.

How unsuited is the sacrifice among mankind to admire, adore, and reverence Beauty; in fact it may justly be learned an attribute of our nature to do so, and one which, if we are to retain—they refuse, that vast numbers being lost in the contemplation of it, stop not short of even worshipping it.

Beauty shines forth in resplendence perfection on all the works of nature, and also with winning and pleasing charms in the numerous works of man, in the creation of poetry, of music, and of the enchanting sounds of music; and yet, strange as it may seem, many, very many, pass it by in their occupations with but a momentary glance, or love only to view it in human form and feature; and although it cannot but attract very much of the world's attention, still it is but rarely the sole object of pursuit,—the only one of an unselfish mind; and often how empty and vain does it appear! Still to be, and how soon does it be the approach of sickness, pain, sorrow or age, and then is left lost. An empty form, devoid of any attractions, and where lately was all to gaze upon.

What is the beauty? not the stone
Or elegantly made and feature. No.
The finished dresses
That cover their naked beauty
Is the beauty of the mind that is the beauty
The real beauty of the mind
That continues for human soul.

Those are the chief characteristics of excellent purity of life and beauty of behaviour shines forth to the view of all around; they possess beauty in deed—beauty that adorns, that is lasting, that is the beauty of the mind, and that is the beauty of the mind—and which is the beauty of the mind that is the beauty of the mind—and which is the beauty of the mind that is the beauty of the mind—and which is the beauty of the mind